MARVEL GROUP
THE HUMAN TORCH
NO. 26
COMICS 10¢
K
DIARY
Today Toro met his doom!
IN THIS ISSUE
"HER DIARY OF TERROR!"
A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

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FROM OUT OF YELLOWED PAGES OF THE PAST ECHOES A WOMAN'S EERIE VOW FOR REVENGE! AND A STRANGE MAN OF EVIL ANSWERS THAT DEADLY COMMAND! THAT POWERHOUSE PAIR, **TORCH** AND **TORO** FEARLESSLY SEEKS AN ANSWER TOO—AGAINST GRUESOME ODDS—AS THEY PIT THEIR RESOURCES OF KEEN WIT AND FIERY MUSCLES INTO THE TANGLE OF STRANGE MYSTERY IN THE CASE OF...

"Her DIARY of TERROR!"

A STRANGE PHONE CALL REACHES TORCH AT HOME...
THIS IS ROBERT NEWELL. I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE.
MOMENTS LATER:
I SAID WE'D DROP OVER. IT'S ON THE WAY TO OUR DATE AT HEADQUARTERS TO WATCH THE BALLISTICS TEST. NEWELL SAYS IT'S ABOUT THE ACTRESS HELEN HALE WHO DIED RECENTLY.
I REMEMBER READING THE ITEM.
SHE WAS ONCE A GREAT STAR UNDER J.B. NORRIS, BUT SHE DIED IN OBSCURITY. THE NEWELLS WERE AT HER DEATH-BED.
THAT'S WHAT THEY WANT TO TELL US ABOUT.
AT THE NEWELL'S:
YOU'RE RATHER YOUNG PEOPLE AND NEWLY MARRIED. HOW IS THE BROKERAGE BUSINESS?
GOOD! YES, WE'VE BEEN MARRIED 6 MONTHS. HOW DID YOU KNOW?
A PROFUSION OF ORNAMENTS—OBVIOUSLY WEDDING GIFTS. I LOOKED UP YOUR OCCUPATION IN THE DIRECTORY, NEWELL. LET'S HAVE YOUR STORY.
WE MET HELEN HALE A COUPLE MONTHS AGO. SHE LIVED IN A ROOMING HOUSE NEARBY. SHE WAS A PITIFUL SIGHT. WE TRIED TO HELP HER. THEN ONE DAY...
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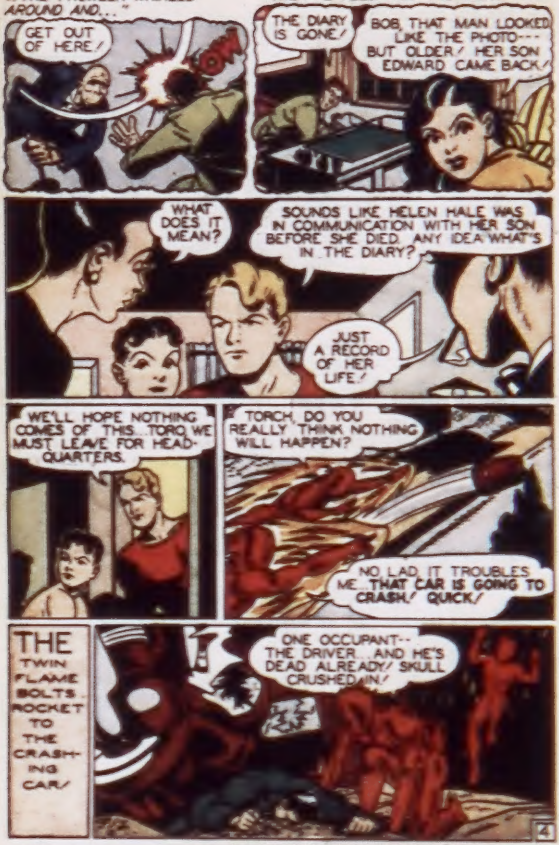
"SHE HAD A BAD STROKE--AND IN HER SHABBY ROOM..."
I KNOW I'M DYING, DOCTOR. LET ME SPEAK TO THIS COUPLE ALONE...PLEASE.
VERY WELL.
"WE WERE ALONE...HER BONY HANDS BEGAN SEARCHING THE BED..."
THIS IS MY DIARY...PUT IT...LOCKED...INTO YOUR... DESK...IT'S...MY REVENGE... ONCE...I WAS RICH...FAMOUS... MY ENEMIES...CAUSED...MY DOWNFALL...
MY SON... EDWARD...WENT FAR AWAY...BUT...HE'LL RETURN...TO AVENGE... MY DOWNFALL...GASP... HERE...IS...HIS...PICTURE ...GASP.
"FROM UNDER THE PILLOW, SHE WRENCHED A FADED PHOTOGRAPH..."
EDWARD...GASP...WILL... AVENGE...ME...GASP...
"A MINUTE LATER SHE WAS DEAD. WE PUT HER DIARY INTO OUR DESK AND FORGOT IT UNTIL LAST NIGHT..."
BOB! WAKE UP! SOMEONE'S IN THE LIBRARY!
"...WE CREPT INTO THE LIBRARY..."
WHO'S THERE?
3


..THE PROWLER WHIRLED AROUND AND..."
GET OUT OF HERE!
"THEN HE FLED INTO THE NIGHT!"
THE DIARY IS GONE!
BOB, THAT MAN LOOKED LIKE THE PHOTO--- BUT OLDER! HER SON EDWARD CAME BACK!
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
SOUNDS LIKE HELEN HALE WAS IN COMMUNICATION WITH HER SON BEFORE SHE DIED. ANY IDEA WHAT'S IN THE DIARY?
JUST A RECORD OF HER LIFE!
WE'LL HOPE NOTHING COMES OF THIS, TORCH. WE MUST LEAVE FOR HEADQUARTERS.
TORCH, DO YOU REALLY THINK NOTHING WILL HAPPEN?
NO LAD, IT TROUBLES ME. THAT CAR IS GOING TO CRASH! QUICK!
THE TWIN FLAME BOLTS ROCKET TO THE CRASHING CAR!
ONE OCCUPANT-- THE DRIVER. AND HE'S DEAD ALREADY! SKULL CRUSHED IN!
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YES, THE ACCIDENT VICTIM IS VERY MUCH DEAD
HIS CARDS IDENTIFY HIM AS GEORGE P. GRIMES.
TORCH! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE CAR!
A PAGE--OF DEATH!
JAN. 10th 1920
Diary of Helen Hale
I've been in a horrible accident! My beauty's gone. I told George Grimes to be careful. He drove like mad. He's to blame for this tragedy. I swear revenge
A PAGE TORN FROM HER DIARY--AND MEANT TO BE FOUND! THIS IS NO ACCIDENT! IT'S MURDER!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WE INVESTIGATED. THE STEERING WHEEL HAD BEEN LOOSENED!
A LOOSE NUT! BOYS, PICK UP EDWARD HALE!
CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS! IT WAS LEFT OUTSIDE THE DOOR!
THE CHIEF OPENS THE NEW NOTE.
TWO MORE WILL DIE TODAY - BY KNIFE - BY POISON - TO PAY FOR DESTROYING MY MOTHER'S HAPPINESS
Edward Hale
THE MAD MAN! ANY TRAIL OF THIS NOTE?
NO, IT'S ORDINARY DIME STORE PAPER.. CAN'T TRACE IT!
TWO MORE ARE SCHEDULED TO DIE! IF WE ONLY KNEW WHO WERE CONNECTED WITH HELEN HALE'S PAST..COME ON, LAD!
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WHERE TO? GOSH, HOW ABOUT J. B. NORRIS, THEATRICAL PRODUCER? HELEN HALE WAS STARRED IN HIS PRODUCTIONS.
EXACTLY. WE'RE HEADED TO BROADWAY-- TO LOCATE HIM!
AFTER INQUIRIES AMONG THEATRICAL FOLK.
WELL, THEY SAY NORRIS RETIRED 5 YEARS AGO AND LIVES ALONE ON LONG ISLAND. LET'S GO!
BUT EVEN IF WE GET THE STORIES FROM HIM OF PEOPLE IN HER PAST--
--THAT STILL WON'T TELL US WHOM EDWARD HAS MARKED NEXT FOR DEATH!
I HAVE A HUNCH IT MIGHT, LAD. WE SHOULD BE AT NORRIS' IN A VERY FEW MINUTES.
BUT ALREADY THE DIABOLICAL DEALER OF DEATH IS STEALTHILY AT WORK!
YOU'RE FINISHED, NORRIS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER--
ONE MORE GONE-- AND NO ONE'S THE WISER! I LEFT MY LITTLE SOUVENIR...
5

SHORT
MINUTES LATER, WHEN TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE---/
"FEB., 1921...J. B. NORRIS STABBED ME IN THE BACK/ ALTHO MY APPEARANCE HAS IMPROVED AND HE PROMISED TO PUT ME IN A PLAY, HE CANCELLED MY CONTRACT/ I PRAY FOR REVENGE./"
WITH NORRIS DEAD, THERE GOES OUR PIPELINE/
UNLESS HE LEFT A RECORD OF DEALINGS WITH HELEN HALE.
WHAT IS IT, TORCH? FIND SOMETHING?
YES... A LETTER ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE DESK...
THE LETTER...
REAL ESTATE
1818 EIGHTH ST.
Dear J.B.
I read about H.H.'s death...I always was a friend of hers when I was a theatre press agent so nothing's on my conscience. But what about yours--and those who turned against her?
Yours truly
NO TIME TO LOSE/ WE'LL VISIT MAKIN/ NORRIS MURDER MAKES MY HUNCH ABOUT THE MURDER PATTERN A THEORY/
AS THE TORRID-TEAM COMETS STREAK ACROSS MANHATTAN...
GRIMES' OFFENSE AGAINST HELEN HALE WAS AN ACCIDENT. HE WAS KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT/ NORRIS STABBED HER IN THE BACK--AND DIED THAT WAY... THE NEXT IS POISON/
NOW, TO FIND WHOM SHE DESCRIBES AS POISON/

AT MAKIN'S OFFICE...
POISON? ALL WERE POISON TO HELEN HALE. DOZENS OF 'EM TURNED THEIR BACKS ON HER WHEN HER STAR FELL.
BUT IS THERE ANYONE IN PARTICULAR--
..WHOM SHE ACTUALLY CALLED POISON?
SAY! YES! LIL LABONG, OWNER OF THE SHANK-SHANK NIGHT CLUB. SHE INFLUENCED NORRIS AGAINST HELEN HALE WHO DID CALL HER POISON!
YOU'LL FIND LIL LABONG HOME AT 2 CREST ROAD, LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND. SHE'S USUALLY THERE ALL DAY.
LET'S GO, TORCH!
AT THE NIGHT CLUB OWNER'S HOME--
WHAT A SOFT LIFE SOME PEOPLE LEAD. BREAKFAST IN BED! I'LL GET THE SUGAR...
THIS STUFF WILL KILL INSTANTLY..
AND I MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY! OH! THE TORCH!

THIS WILL SLOW THEM UP!
WE BURNED OUT OF THAT! WHERE'S EDWARD?
I'LL LOOK FOR HIM! GO INTO THE HOUSE, LAD AND STOP LIL LABONG FROM EATING!
SWIFTLY TORCH SPOTS THE FUGITIVE KILLER!
JOURNEY'S END, KILLER!
BUT AS TORCH BEGINS TO FLAME-RING THE FLEEING MURDERER!
GULP! WATER!
AND A NEW MOVE MAKES CERTAIN TORCH DOESN'T GET UP!
THIS IS SOMETHING HE DIDN'T EXPECT!
AND HE DIDN'T EXPECT THAT HOSE I TURNED ON HIM!
NOW THIS ASBESTOS WILL FINISH THE JOB!
JANE NEWELL—THE KILLER'S CONFEDERATE! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN??
STOP! DON'T TOUCH THAT FOOD!

IT'S POISON!
THAT'S A JOKE, SON! BEAT IT. IT'S A POOR EXCUSE FOR BREAKING INTO MY BOUDOIR!
SORRY, SINCE YOU INSIST ON EATING...
OH! WHY, SURE YOU--- YOU'RE TORO!
TORO GIVES A BRIEF EXPLANATION. ...THEN---
THERE'S TORCH'S FLAME SIGNAL! I'LL JOIN HIM, PRONTO!
AS THE YOUTHFUL CRIME-FIGHTER FOLLOWS THE FIRE SIGNAL,
HA-HA! THE FAKE SIGNAL LED HIM RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!
SOON AFTER, IN A DINGY BASEMENT ROOM,
I'LL CUT OFF THEIR ROPES-- THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FLAME IN THE AIRLESS ICE CAGE--
HOLD IT TILL I GIVE THEM ANOTHER CONK ON THE HEAD

GOSH, IT'S COLD! ····UH ///
JANE AND BOB NEWELL!
RIGHT! I'VE BEEN WEARING A MASK! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO KNOW THE REASON WHY? REMEMBER, I'M A STOCK BROKER··
I SOLD A FORTUNE IN FAKE STOCKS TO GRIMES, NORRIS, LABONG··· ONE BY ONE THEY'VE BEEN GETTING DISSATISFIED ABOUT THEIR RETURNS··· SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE!
HELEN HALE AND HER DIARY WERE THE ANSWER. SHE HAD GRIEVANCES AGAINST THOSE PEOPLE. SHE REALLY HAD A SON BUT HE DIED. BUT IT WASN'T PUBLICLY KNOWN!
VERY INGENIOUS·· YOUR INVENTING THE STORY OF EDWARD AND THE STOLEN DIARY··
THANK YOU! BUT YOU MUST DIE FOR THAT KNOWLEDGE NOW IN AN AIRLESS ICE CAGE!
UNLESS YOU FREEZE TO DEATH FIRST···· COME ON JANE···· "EDWARD HALE" HAS ANOTHER JOB TO DO TONIGHT!
I'LL PUT THE KNIFE BACK ON THE SHELF
BRR·R·R·· AIR'S··GOING PAST···NONE COMING IN···· CAN'T FLAME ON·····
HOLD IT LAD! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE AN AIR HOLE···
JANE JUST PLACED THE KNIFE ON THE SHELF WITH THE BLADE OUT··· WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THIS CAGE!
COME ON PUSH!

IT'S TOPPLING! WE'LL HAVE TO ROLL THIS ICE CUBE OVER ONCE AGAIN!
IN SOMERSAULT FASHION THE TWO WORK LIKE FIENDS—AS THEIR LUNGS ARE ABOUT TO BURST!
GOOD! THE KNIFE CUT THROUGH—AIR—WE CAN FLAME!
MINUTES AFTER—AT THE HOME OF THE MURDERING NEWELLS—
I KILL GENE ELTRIDGE TONIGHT—THE DIARY SAYS...
IT'S THE END OF YOUR BOOK OF CRIME!
THE TORCH!
AND THE START OF A NEW CHAPTER—PUNISHMENT!
LATER...
THEY'LL GET THE CHAIR EVEN THE 2 BEING NEWLYWEDS WON'T WIN SYMPATHY!
THEY MADE THEIR MISTAKE MARRYING THEMSELVES TO MURDER!
THE END!

A DYING MAN NAMES HIS MURDERER! BUT WHEN **THREE** MEN ANSWER TO THAT NAME, MURDER BECOMES MAYHEM AND A STARTLING MYSTERY, THAT PITS THE HIGH-VOLTAGE TEAM OF **TORCH** AND **TORO** AGAINST DIABOLICAL DARING UNPARALLELED IN THEIR CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER! TERRIFYING SURPRISE SMASHES AROUND EVERY TWISTED TURN AS THE POWER-PACKED PAIR IS TAUNTED BY THE MEN WHO ADMIT THAT...

"ONE OF US *is the* KILLER!"

TORCH & TORO ARE IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT AS THE PHONE RINGS
TORCH SPEAKING—WHO IS THIS?
I'M RALPH MORTIMER—I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO BE MURDERED. I WANT TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING I—
BUT— NEXT MOMENT—
HE'S HERE / JORDAN! / NO!—OH—
BANG!
A SHOT! WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FAST!
AT ONCE THE FLAMING PAIR IS SOARING OVER THE GLITTERING METROPOLIS—
THE PHONE BOOK LISTED RALPH MORTIMER AT 1627 SUTTON PLACE
NEVER A DULL MOMENT, TORCH! WONDER WHAT WE ARE GETTING INTO NOW?
A FEW MINUTES LATER—AT MORTIMER'S EXCLUSIVE APARTMENT—
A BULLET IN HIS CHEST, MADE BY A .32 REVOLVER— NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THIS PERSON HE CALLED JORDAN. HE'S OUR KILLER!
HERE'S SOME-THING.
THIS "GRACE" WOMAN MIGHT KNOW ABOUT JORDAN—IF WE CAN FIND HER
AH AN ADDRESS BOOK—MAYBE THAT WILL HELP US.

DON'T SEE ANY GRACE--BUT FLAMING, FLAMINGDES! THREE JORDANS!
THREE OF THEM AND ONE'S THE MURDERER WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO NO. 1 ON THE LIST--JACK JORDAN--COMING, BOY?
ANY I JUST TRY TO STOP ME
SECONDS LATER...
PARDON US, JACK JORDAN, FOR NOT KNOCKING, BUT WE'RE IN A RUSH TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE MURDER OF RALPH MORTIMER!
MURDERED! HOW SHOCKING!
YOU DIDN'T KNOW? WHERE WE YOU BEEN THE LAST HOUR?
I'VE BEEN HOME ALL AFTERNOON, WRITING. I AM A RETIRED REAL ESTATE MAN, AND I'VE ALWAYS HAD A YEN TO WRITE A BOOK. KNEW HIM ONLY SLIGHTLY THROUGH MY BROTHER LEE WHEN THEY HAD BUSINESS DEALINGS.
MAYBE LEE KILLED MORTIMER ONE OF YOU JORDANS DID!
NOT LEE!-- CERTAINLY NOT! HE'S NO MURDERER! OUR COUSIN ARNOLD, A CHEMIST-- HE'D BE MORE LIKELY TO HAVE KILLED MORTIMER. THEY DON'T GET ALONG--
WE'LL DECIDE THAT WHERE IS LEE? WE HAVE TWO ADDRESSES FOR HIM, ONE NEAR DUCE AND ALE
THAT'S HIS ESTATE MANOR HOUSE--BUT LEE'S IN HIS CITY APARTMENT NOW. I SAW HIM IN TOWN THIS MORNING.
AND WE... BE SEEING HIM NOW, IN TOWN?
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BUT THE POWERHOUSE BOYS ENTER LEE JORDAN'S APARTMENT TO FIND--
NOT HERE! THIS ROOM LOOKS LIKE HE PACKED IN A GREAT HURRY TO GET AWAY. LET'S LOOK AROUND
AND IN THE NEXT ROOM---
BILLS--BILLS! HE OWES A STACK OF MONEY. MMM. SOME OF THESE BILLS ARE FROM A PSYCHIATRIST. SO LEE'S UNDER MENTAL TREATMENT
HE'S SURE IN DEEP LOOK AT THESE BOOKS. THE STUDY OF THE HUMAN MIND---THE NEUROTIC"---WOW!
WE'VE DONE THE WHOLE PLACE. NOTHING ELSE HERE. WHERE TO NOW? DO YOU THINK HE'S GONE TO MANOR LODGE?
LET'S GO THERE!
TRAVELLING AT METEORIC SPEED, THE FLAMING PAIR REACHES MANOR LODGE---
WHEW! THIS MAKES OUR FIFTH CIRCLE AROUND OCEANDALE
EVERYONE HAS A DIFFERENT DIRECTION TO MANOR LODGE BETTER ASK AGAIN
MANOR LODGE AT LAST! RISING ON A BLUFF SILHOUETTED GLOOMILY AGAINST THE SKY!
MANOR LODGE? IT'S A MILE NORTH OF HERE. I'VE BEEN THERE ONCE OR TWICE ON SOME REPAIRING JOBS. MR. LEE HIMSELF KEEPS TO HIMSELF. DO MOST FOLKS AIN'T BEEN THERE.
SO WE GATHERED--THANKS ON OUR WAY, TOBY!
IT BRINGS OUT THE DEVIL IN ME--BOO--
NICE PLACE FOR A MURDER!

AS THE FIRE-TEAM STEPS INTO THE MUSTY MANSION--
"THAT MUST BE LEE-RATHER NICE-LOOKING CHAP--MMM. HE'S LEFT-HANDED--AND NERVOUS. HAVING TROUBLE IN LIGHTING THAT CIGARETTE--LEE JORDAN!
OH! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BREAK INTO MY HOUSE?
STEADY, JORDAN! WE'RE INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF RALPH VORTIMER. YOU HAD BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH HIM! WHAT KIND?
I INVESTED SOME MONEY WITH HIM AND DIDN'T THINK I WAS GETTING ENOUGH OF A RETURN. BUT WE PATCHED UP OUR QUARREL. GOOD-NESS, DO YOU SUSPECT ME? I DIDN'T KILL HIM!
WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR NEW YORK APARTMENT SO SUDDENLY?
I COULDN'T STAND IT ANOTHER MINUTE. THE CITY STIFLES ME! BUT SEE HERE, WHY ARE YOU HERE ME? IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR MURDER MOTIVES, ASK MY COUSIN ARNOLD. HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO! ON HIS WAY HOME TO OCEANDALE.
WE'LL CALL ON HIM! BU- THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE WON'T BE BACK!
HE'S SURE HIGH-STRUNG.
WAIT--TORO, THAT PLANT! I WONDER--
SURE ENOUGH! I'M RIGHT! A .32 CALIBER GUN--THE SAME KIND AS THE MURDER WEAPON.
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I DON'T HIDE IT THERE! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ARNOLD'S DOING! HE'S TRYING TO FRAME ME! I'LL FIX HIM!
CALM DOWN. YOU'RE STAYING HERE!
LET ME GO! I'VE GOT TO SETTLE THE SCORE WITH HIM! HE'S ALWAYS PUSHED ME INTO TROUBLE! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
FARO! CAIN!
SUDDENLY TWO MONSTROUS MAN-EATING DOGS RACE IN FOR AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK!
HA! GOOD DOGS! GET THEM!
FLAME, TORO!
10 SECONDS LATER!
SOME PETS HE KEEPS!
NICE DOGGIES. EH?
I GUESS THEY DIDN'T LIKE OUR FIRE TOUCH-HOH-HOH-JORDAN'S GETTING AWAY! COME ON!

FOOTSTEPS RACE DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS.
DOWN HERE!
THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL BUT NOT FOR LONG! NOW INTO THIS REFRIGERATOR
RACING THE FULL LENGTH OF THE REFRIGERATOR HE STOPS AND ···
GOOD! THEY'RE INSIDE NOW I'LL PRESS THIS AUTOMATIC BUTTON!
WE'LL GET HIM NOW!
AMBUSH
HE WENT OUT THIS WAY! IT'S SLAMMED SHUT!
SO HAS THE OTHER DOOR!
LOCKED IN AN ICY PRISON!
OOOUPH! I CAN'T BUDGE THESE DOORS AND THE COLD'S KEEPING US FROM FLAMING ENOUGH TO BURN THROUGH!
BRRRR... IF WE DON'T GET OUT SOON, WE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH!
KEEP MOVING, BOY! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOMETHING HERE WE COULD USE!
NOTHING BUT MEAT SLABS AND MEAT HOOKS··· CAN THOSE HOOKS DO YOU ANY GOOD?
TORO! YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! I'M GOING TO PRY OFF ONE OF THOSE HOOKS!
I DON'T GET IT!
PULLING OFF A HOOK TORO HURLS AGAINST PIPE!
THESE PIPES CONTAIN AMMONIA FUMES! NOW I SEE!
AH, NOW I GET IT!
THROUGH THE OPENING THE DEADLY AMMONIA FUMES POUR OUT!
WE CAN'T GET UP ANY MORE FLAME THAN THIS··· BUT WHEN THIS FIRE-BALL CONTACTS THOSE AMMONIA FUMES IT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

A SECOND LATER!
THAT'S DONE IT!
BOOM!
HURRY! THE WALLS BLASTED!
WHEW! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE - BUT YOU SURE OUTWITTED LEE JORDAN!
BUT HE GOT A HEAD START ON US. HOPE WE CAN GET TO ARNOLD'S OCEANSIDE PLACE BEFORE LEE DOES.
SOON
DO YOU THINK LEE WAS REALLY FRAMED, AND THAT MADE HIM FURIOUS ENOUGH TO GO HAY-WIRE?
POSSIBLY. HE'S SO HIGH-STRUNG, ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN - BUT WE'RE NOT SURE - AH, HERE'S THE HOUSE.
THE NEXT MOMENT!
HOLY SMOKES!
GUESS WE'RE TOO LATE - BUT WE'RE GOING IN!
RACING THROUGH DEBRIS, THE FLAMING SPEEDSTERS LOCATE A SHATTERED DOOR!
THIS WITCH FOR WITH ALL ON IT, MUST BELONG TO ARNOLD JORDAN.
THIS WAS HIS CHEMICAL LAB. I SAW SOME BROKEN TEST TUBES. MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING IN THE REST OF THE HOUSE.
IN THE LIVING-ROOM!
LOOK, TORO - THIS IS THE SAME WOMAN WHOSE PICTURE WE FOUND AT MORTIMER'S - AND READ THIS LETTER I CAME ACROSS -

HERE'S THE MURDER MOTIVE. ARNOLD LOST HIS FIANCEE TO MORTIMER AND GOT EVEN. I'M CONVINCED NOW ARNOLD DID PLANT THAT GUN ON LEE WHO WENT BERSERK!
AND SET OFF THE EXPLOSION! BUT GOSH! WHERE DID LEE GO NOW? HEY! LOOK AT THE CROWD OF PEOPLE OUT HERE!
GOING OUTSIDE, TORCH AND TORO MAKE NOSES
BEFORE THE EXPLOSION I SAW A MAN RUNNING AWAY TOWARD THE OCEAN. HE WAS DARK-HAIRED, HAD A MOUSTACHE AND LOOKED WILD-EYED. LIKE A CRAZY MAN!
THAT'S LEE JORDAN! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! COME ON, TORO!
OVER THE SEA ROAD STREAMS THE FIERY FLAW!
NO SIGN OF HIM — WHAT'S ALL THAT COMING?
LOOKS LIKE A POSSE... BETTER GO DOWN!
WE'RE ON THE HUNT FOR LEE JORDAN! I GOT SOME OF HIS CLOTHES FROM MANOR LODGE... AND GAVE THE BLOOD HOUNDS THE SCENT. NOW LOOK AT 'EM GO TO THE HILL
BOW! WOW!
THOSE PUPPIES SURE KNOW THEIR WAY AROUND!
THEY'RE HEADED STRAIGHT UP THE HILL!

THEN ABRUPTLY
THE HOUNDS HE STOPPED THE TRAIL ENDING LIKE THIS MEANS SHE THINKS SHE JORDAN JUMPED INTO THE OCEAN AND DROWNED HIMSELF!
NO, THAT ONLY ANSWERS
AS THE POSSE RETIRES FROM THE
WE MIGHT AS WELL GO, TOO! "TORCH" WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT?
THOSE ROCKS, TORO — THEY LEAD ALL THE WAY DOWN THE CLIFF AND ROCKS DON'T CARRY A SCENT — IF JORDAN WALKED ON THEM, IT WOULD EXPLAIN THE HOUNDS LOSING THE TRAIL. WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW THOSE ROCKS!
THE PAIR PURSUES THE TRAIL DOWN THE CLIFF
WE'RE NOT FAR FROM WHERE I LOST THIS CLIFF'S GOT SOME GOOD HIDING PLACES
I HIT THE POSSIBILITY ON DRIVING IN THAT ROCK SLIDE LOOM IN...
LOOKS LIKE A CAVE IN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF...
WHO'S THAT? COULD HE WAIT BE WHAT'S THAT SHADOW
FLAMING IN A FLASH BECOMES TORCH WHIRLS ABOUT AS A GUN CRASHES!
STOPPED THOSE BULLETS JUST IN TIME! CAME FROM THE ENTRANCE! LET'S GO!
NOPE! HE WAS ON THIS TIME!
BUT
WHOA! WE JUST RAN AWAY!
THE POSSE'S COMING BACK! WONDER WHAT'S UP?
THE SHERIFF REPEATS THE QUERY
TORCH, TORO!
WHAT'S UP? WE SAW YOU TWO FLYING AROUND AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE UP TO SOMETHING!
WE ARE THE KILLER DIDN'T DRAWN HE'S AROUND HERE JUST SHOT AT US!
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WHY IT'S JACK JORDAN!
AFTER YOU CALLED ON ME, I BECAME SO WORRIED ABOUT MY BROTHER LEE I DROVE OUT TO MANOR LODGE. THEN I CAUGHT SIGHT OF YOU! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
LEE'S A KILLER AND WE'RE AFTER HIM!
A KILLER? THESE DOGS GET THEM AWAY!
GET DOWN, HOUNDS! THIS ISN'T OUR MAN!
BUT HE IS! JACK JORDAN'S THE KILLER!
THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS! HOW COULD I?
BECAUSE YOU AND LEE ARE THE SAME! LEE WAS LEFT-HANDED AND SHE WAS! LET'S FIRED AT HIM CAME FROM A RIGHT-HANDED PERSON! A LEFT-HANDED PERSON WOULD HAVE HIT MY RIGHT SIDE, NOT THE LEFT! YOU FIRED THEM!
THE DOGS DIDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE, AS FOR THE DUAL ROLE, THE BOOK YOU'RE WRITING IS ON THE THEATRE I'M SURE YOU'VE BEEN AN ACTOR!
THE JOB'S UP JORDAN!
ALL RIGHT, BUT--
BUT THE CUNNING KILLER MOVES IN SWIFT SURPRISE!
I'M GETTING AWAY WITH THE SHERIFF AS MY SHIELD! IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP ME, THE SHERIFF DIES! (STAY WHERE YOU ARE, EVERYONE!)
THAT KICK!

JUST ONE MORE THING BEFORE I LEAVE YOU. YOU MIGHT WANT IT FOR YOUR RECORD. THERE NEVER WAS AN ARNOLD JORDAN EITHER! I PLAYED THE GREATEST ROLE OF MY CAREER! THE THREE MR. JORDANS!
AS THE MURDERER, JACK JORDAN, BACKS AWAY--
GOOD WORK, TORCH! HIS GOOSE IS COOKED! NOW THERE'RE A FEW THINGS I WANT TO KNOW!
SOON AFTER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHY DID YOU KILL MORTIMER?
WE HAD ONCE WORKED IN THE THEATER TOGETHER. THERE WAS A COSTLY BACKSTAGE THEFT. I FOUND OUT THAT IT HAD BEEN COMMITTED BY MORTIMER AND BLACKMAILED HIM FROM THEN ON--
--LATELY HE SHOWED SIGNS OF BREAKING. I WAS AFRAID HE'D CONFESS AND TURN ME IN TO THE POLICE. I FIRST PLANNED ON CREATING ONLY LEE JORDAN AND PINNING THE MURDER ON HIM. THEN I THOUGHT ANOTHER JORDAN TRYING TO FRAME LEE WOULD MAKE THE CASE STRONGER, SO I ESTABLISHED ARNOLD TOO. AS FOR THEIR RESIDENCES, I HAD PROPERTY FROM MY REAL ESTATE BUSINESS.
BUT THAT MAN WE FOUND IN THE WRECKED HOUSE?
HE WAS A TRAMP I HAD MET NEAR ... I LET HIM STAY THERE. HE FITTED IN PERFECTLY WITH MY PLAN... A REMARKABLE PLAN, WASN'T IT?
BEATS ANY I EVER SAW.
I CAN SAY THAT TOO
THEN LET THE WORLD KNOW THAT JACK JORDAN, REGARDED AS A FAILURE ON THE STAGE, NEVER GIVEN A STAR PART--LET THEM KNOW WHAT A GREAT ACTOR I AM! IN MY DEFEAT I HAVE TRIUMPHED!
AH! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES IN ALL THE PAPERS!
THE END!

GOLD IN THOSE HILLS

A [illegible] Bert's [illegible] as he saw the sun-framed shadows of [illegible] upon the opposite bank of the gulch. They were coming up [illegible] the ridge above him and Bert watched them grow [illegible] the unmistakable shape of a rifle in the hands of one.

For a few moments Bert continued to [illegible] box, [illegible] watching the two [illegible] shadows of the men. They were coming down upon him. [illegible] was beyond reach. No chance to grab it. Bert turned on his heels to look [illegible].

Dan Pritchard nodded a greeting. Bert's eyes narrowed as he met Dan's [illegible] partner, Chris Peters. Bert had seen them a couple of times in [illegible] Rock, but had paid them no heed [illegible].

Now Dan Pritchard's [illegible] face [illegible] dangerous as he said, "Just happened [illegible] and thought we'd stop off. Saved us [illegible] Jed [illegible]."

"Funny I didn't hear of it," Bert answered. "[illegible] wagon [illegible] more."

[illegible] Bert [illegible] where Bert stood.

"Maybe [illegible]," Dan suggested casually. "[illegible]."

"[illegible]," Bert [illegible]. "You're [illegible] business."

The words [illegible] as Chris Peters [illegible] the carbine. Bert turned to stare up, saw that the weapon was pointed straight at him now.

Dan Pritchard laughed. "We're making it our business. Since you won't talk, we'll all go back to the cabin and see what Jed's got to say."

Jed wasn't at the cabin. Dan said, "We'd better tie the kid up. Jed might get tough and we don't want any interference."

Even as Dan spoke Chris Peters had moved around, looping Bert's wrists together and [illegible] the rope tight. He shoved Bert toward a corner.

"[illegible] Jed [illegible]," Dan warned, "[illegible] probably get hurt."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] quietly. "About the gold [illegible] he doesn't know what it's all [illegible]."

[illegible]

Jed [illegible] his head [illegible] chance to speak. Bert saw the blow coming, delivered by Chris Peters with the barrel of the carbine. Bert remembered [illegible] the [illegible] to duck, but it was too late. The barrel crashed down. It was a glancing blow, probably [illegible] to cause severe pain rather than [illegible]. Jed's [illegible] he dropped to the floor, on hands and knees, his head hanging. Blood was running across his face. His hand gripped the edge of the table, and he started up.

Dan Pritchard's hand dipped into his pocket and came out holding a quirt. He stepped in close and struck. Again it was a damaging blow. Jed reeled backward and was caught from behind by Chris.

It was more than Bert could stand. He lunged clumsily to his feet, leaped forward and [illegible] at Dan Pritchard's hand. The blow landed. Dan leaped away, his lips writhing with pain. The quirt sailed up into the air.

Bert tried to duck. But he was handicapped with his hands bound behind him. The blow came down with a crash. Pain rocketed into his neck and shoulders. He pitched to the floor.

Lantern light was in the [illegible] of the cabin. Bert opened his eyes. His neck and shoulders were stiff. He managed [illegible] to a sitting position. The smell of coffee was in the air. Chris Peters and Dan Pritchard were eating.

[illegible] Bert [illegible]. Then he saw Jed in a corner on the floor. As he crawled over beside Jed and bent down, Bert saw the old man was still breathing [illegible].

Bert sagged against the wall, letting his body [illegible]. The [illegible] the sound of Jed's

labored breathing was almost more than he could stand. Yet there was nothing he could do. Dan had made up his mind that Jed had a rich find hidden somewhere.

Suddenly Jed's voice sounded. Bert straightened his aching body. Jed was muttering incoherently. He was delirious.

The sound of Jed's muttering roused Dan and he got up, and came across the room slowly to stand looking down into the darkness of the corner.

"What's he grumbling about?" Dan Pritchard demanded harshly.

"You tell me," Bert retorted. "He's delirious. He needs a doctor and if he doesn't get one he'll be there and die."

"Shut up," Dan snarled. He thrust the toe of his boot into Jed's side roughly. "Hey you," Dan yelled. "Wake up there."

Jed's muttering drifted off. Dan walked away. Again Jed muttered incoherently. His body twitched nervously. He turned his head into the light. His face was bloody, battered, and the eyes, half open, were glazed and unseeing. Suddenly he made a tremendous effort, hauled himself laboriously to his elbow.

"Gold ..." he croaked hoarsely. "Gold ... Bert ..."

The voice died out and the old man fell back. His breath rattled. Bert felt his own heart stop.

Jed's voice returned slowly, painfully. "Gold," he whispered. "We've found it. Bert—the—ravine—"

Dan Pritchard grated accusingly. "So there is rich gold somewhere, eh? You knew about it. You let your partner take all the punishment. Okay, son. It's your turn now, or maybe you'd rather tell us where Jed's find is?"

For a moment Bert hesitated. There wasn't any find Jed was in a coma, was raving about the time they'd panned a ravine back in the hills. It had proved worthless.

"Okay," Bert agreed hopelessly. "I'll show you."

Maybe this was his chance, Bert told himself. He'd lead them back into the hills. He'd show them the old ravine he and Jed had panned, for practically nothing. And while he was doing that, perhaps he'd get his chance.

Scattered pine and hemlock dotted the side of the ravine. Bert stumbled down into the bottom. Dan Pritchard and Chris Peters were on his heels. Both were armed. Escape seemed remote, impossible.

At last Bert paused at the site of the old diggings he and Jed had worked together. Moonlight bathed them starkly. This was the end.

Doggedly Bert said, "Jed was talking through his hat. This is the place he was babbling about. But we never found much here. We worked it a couple of months last year—"

"Don't wait!" Dan Pritchard warned. "You can't fool me!"

His hand went back to his pocket.

Then Dan Pritchard slumped slowly. Even as he struck the ground the sound of a shot came to Bert. He staggered back, stumbled sprawling, and twisted around to stare up at the lip of the ravine. He saw the man there with the rifle at his shoulder.

Chris Peters let out a yell. "Don't shoot. Don't kill me!"

The man came down the bank swiftly. He did not pause in confusion. He reached the bottom and Bert gasped, "Jed! Here—what—"

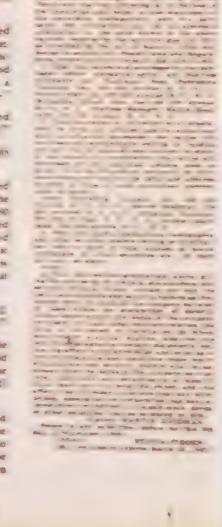
Quietly Jed answered, "I had to get those bombers out of the cabin, so I'd have a chance to do something. They heard me telling Sam Hussey in town about what I'd found."

"Then there is something!"

Jed nodded. "Take it easy, pard. I've been disappointed too often. That's why I chuckled before I let you know. And I pulled that stunt back at the cabin to get them out here where I could handle them. Now let's get back and start digging—for our gold."

SL-1305

THE END

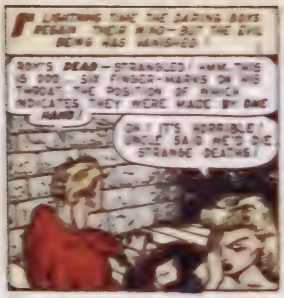


AS A GRISLY CORPSE LEAVES ITS TOMB, MURDER STRIKES IN STRANGE, FIENDISH FASHION, CREATING BAFFLING MYSTERY! HOW DOES A MAN DROWN ON DRY LAND? HOW CAN A FLEETING WISP OF AIR, A GHOST BE ENSNARED? YES, THIS IS INDEED A BIZARRE PUZZLE OF DEATH YOU THAT DARING DUO, TORCH AND TORO AS THEY TRAVEL PERILOUS PATHS, SEEKING TO SOLVE THE CASE OF ....

The GHOST OF SHADOW MANOR!

REJOICE, MY NIECE AND NEPHEWS! I'M ABOUT TO DIE AND I LEAVE A FORTUNE BEHIND! I KNOW YOU COULD HARDLY WAIT FOR THIS DAY! BUT I'LL RETURN TO SHADOW MANOR!
YOUR UNCLE WILLIS IS DEAD!
WHAT DID HE MEAN, HE'LL RETURN?
HE ALWAYS WAS AN ECCENTRIC, KAY... WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING AT SHADOW MANOR ANYWAY? IT'S BEEN CLOSED FOR YEARS!
"...AND I BEQUEATH MY FORTUNE TO MY NIECE KAY AND MY NEPHEWS GEORGE AND ROY JAMES, IF THEY SPEND 24 CONSECUTIVE HOURS AT SHADOW MANOR! SHOULD ANY OF THEM DIE, THE MONEY GOES TO THE SURVIVOR!
YOU'D THINK WE'RE MARKED FOR DEATH!
I MET KAY AT A PARTY HERE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO! NICE GIRL... WE'LL ANSWER HER S.O.S.!
TELEGRAM
KAY JAMES
SO YOU INVITED PROTECTORS, KAY!
WHY NOT? THE WILL DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT NOT HAVING GUESTS!

TORCH AND TORO CAN'T SAVE YOU! NOTHING CAN! HA-HA-HA!
THAT VOICE! IT SOUNDS LIKE UNCLE WILLIS! BUT—BUT... HE'S DEAD!
AND BURIED DOWNSTAIRS IN THE VAULT!
BURIED DOWN-STAIRS?
YES! ONE OF THE STIPULATIONS OF UNCLE'S WILL, THAT HIS BODY BE BURIED HERE! BUT THAT VOICE! IT'S—IT'S AS IF HE'S BACK FROM THE DEAD!
TO SETTLE THAT, WE'LL GO DOWN AND VIEW THE BODY!
THE BODY'S GONE! HE'S LEFT HIS GRAVE!
HE'S COME BACK! HE SAID HE WOULD!
YES, THAT'S IT! HE SAID HE... WHERE'S ROY?
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO. THAT CRY!
AAAAGHHH!
IT'S ROY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!
THAT SHADOW! SOMEBODY MUST BE IN THERE!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
SOMEONE WAS HERE! HA-HA-HA!


LIGHTNING TIME THE DARING BOYS REGAIN THEIR MIND—BUT THE EVIL BEING VANISHED!
BOY'S DEAD—STRANGLED! WHM. THIS IS BOB—SIR! FINGER MARKS ON HIS THROAT. THE POSITION OF MARKS INDICATES THEY WERE MADE BY ONE HAND!
OH! IT'S HORRIBLE! UNCLE SAID HE'D DIE STRANGE DEATHS!

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE SCARED OUT OF THIS!
NEITHER AM I!
JUST THE SAME, YOU TWO BETTER NOT BE ROAMING AROUND! EACH OF YOU GO TO YOUR ROOM, AND KEEP YOUR DOORS LOCKED! WE HAVE SOME INVESTIGATING TO DO!

THAT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO FOR NOW! THEY'RE LOCKED IN THEIR ROOMS, DOORS BOLTED TIGHT—WINDOWS SHUTTERED. NOW TO EXPLORE! WE'LL SEARCH THE HOUSE FOR THE APPARITION!
OKAY, TORCH!

MINUTES OF SEARCH...
TORCH! TORCH!
NOTHING SO FAR! AN OLD HOUSE LIKE THIS MUST HAVE SOME SECRET PLACE!
IT'S AN!

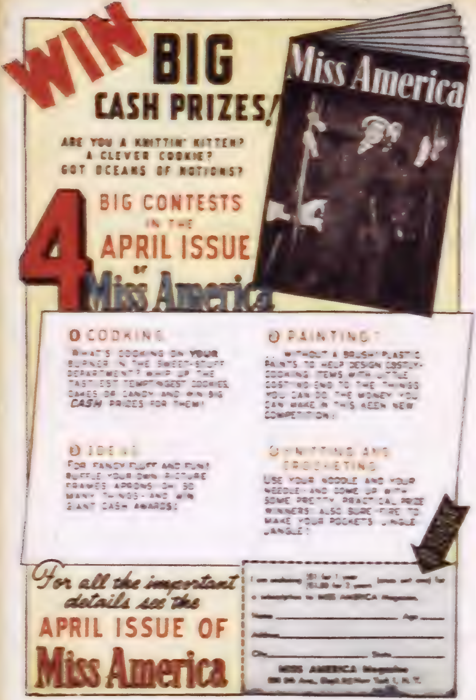
I'M WORRIED! GEORGE LEFT HIS DOOR! I HEARD FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALLWAY! PEERED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, AND SAW HIM GOING DOWNSTAIRS! OH!
SOUNDS LIKE A GHOST OUT THERE!
CRASH!

SUDDENLY...
CRASH! LOOKS LIKE A GHOST!
IT'S COMING FROM THE FOUNTAIN!
GRRRRR!

IT'S GEORGE ALL RIGHT!
AND THE GHOSTLY BUSINESS IS DONE!
HE'S DEAD! THE BODY SHOWS SYMPTOMS OF DROWNING—DISTENDED LUNGS—BUT THERE'S NO WATER IN THIS FOUNTAIN!
THE FOUNTAIN HASN'T BEEN TURNED ON IN YEARS!
READ THIS—IT MUST HAVE TEMPTED HIM TO COME!
OH, THAT'S UNCLE WILLIS' HANDWRITING! UNCLE WILLIS IS WITH US SOMEHOW!
STEADY, KAY. WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE!
LET ME STAY HERE! I COULDN'T REMAIN IN MY ROOM AFTER ALL THIS... OH, I'VE LOST MY LOCKET! IT WAS A GOOD LUCK PIECE!
IT'S RISKY. YOU STAY WITH KAY EVERY MOMENT! I'M GOING BACK TO THE FOUNTAIN!
THE WAY THAT APPARITION APPEARED AND DISAPPEARED THERE CONVINCES ME ALL THE MORE OF A SECRET PASSAGEWAY! AND ONE END OF IT MUST BE AT THAT FOUNTAIN!
HMM! THIS STONE SOUNDS HOLLOW! THERE IS SOMETHING BEHIND HERE!

THE STONE'S SWINGING OPEN! STEPS! I THOUGHT SO!
GET THE TORCH, BANDY! THIS BLOW WILL KEEP HIM STUNNED UNTIL WE HAVE HIM TIED UP!
SOON AFTER...
GREETINGS, FLAMING! YOU WON'T BURN THOSE THONGS BECAUSE THEY'RE ENTIRELY COVERED WITH SUPER-ASBESTOS! WE KNEW YOU'D COME HERE! WE HEARD RAY PHONE IN THE WIRE TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!
YOUR VOICE-- YOU SOUND LIKE ROY!
RIGHT! MY DEATH WAS A BLUFF! I LEARNED THE ART OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION WHILE IN INDIA. I TOOK MY UNCLE'S BODY FROM THE VAULT TO MAKE HIM APPEAR AS THE CAUSE OF THE MURDERS. AND BANDY IMITATED HIS VOICE THAT GAVE THE WARNINGS! ALSO HIS HANDWRITING!
BUT NONE OF YOU WILL ESCAPE! I FOUND KAY'S LOCKET AND SET A POISON PIN IN ITS BACK... I'LL SEE THAT SHE FINDS THE LOCKET! AND WHEN SHE TOUCHES THE POISON AS SHE'S SURE TO -- PFFT! OH, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE CHUM TORO AND YOU TOO!
THEY'VE GONE... I CAN'T BURN THROUGH THESE THONGS. I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT WHAT'S IN THAT TANK! GOT TO PLAY THAT HUNCH! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

WHILE BACK AT THE HOUSE, THE LETHAL LOCKET HAS BEEN DROPPED INTO THE PATH OF...
GOSH, TORCH HAS BEEN GONE A LONG TIME! WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM!
OH — MY LOCKET!
AS THE UNSUSPECTING KAY IS ABOUT TO PICK UP THE DEADLY JEWELRY...
AN EXPLOSION!
I'M GOING! SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED TO TORCH!
AFTER THOSE KILLERS, TORO!
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR SCHEME, ROY JAMES, TO CLAIM THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!
LATER AT HEADQUARTERS AFTER ROY'S CONFESSION...
THE MONEY'S ALL YOURS, KAY... BUT, TORCH, DID GEORGE DIE BY DROWNING?
OKAY?
I'LL SAY!


WIN
BIG
CASH PRIZES!
ARE YOU A KNITTIN' KITTEN?
A CLEVER COOKIE?
GOT OCEANS OF NOTIONS?
4
BIG CONTESTS
IN THE
APRIL ISSUE
OF
Miss America
Miss America
1 COOKING
WHAT'S COOKING ON YOUR BURNER IN THE SWEET-STUFF DEPARTMENT? WHIP UP THE TASTIEST TEMPTINGEST COOKIES, CAKES OR CANDY AND WIN BIG CASH PRIZES FOR THEM!
2 PAINTING!
... WITHOUT A BRUSH! PLASTIC PAINTS TO HELP DESIGN COSTLY-LOOKING ITEMS WITH LITTLE COST! NO END TO THE THINGS YOU CAN DO, THE MONEY YOU CAN MAKE IN THIS KEEN NEW COMPETITION!
3 IDEAS
FOR FANCY FLUFF AND FUN! RUFFLE YOUR OWN PICTURE FRAMES, APRONS, OH SO MANY THINGS - AND WIN GIANT CASH AWARDS!
4 KNITTING AND CROCHETING
USE YOUR NOODLE AND YOUR NEEDLE AND COME UP WITH SOME PRETTY, PRACTICAL PRIZE WINNERS! ALSO SURE-FIRE TO MAKE YOUR POCKETS JINGLE JANGLE!
For all the important details see the
APRIL ISSUE OF
Miss America

SUB-MARINER
"The FATAL CURSE of the SEA WITCH!"

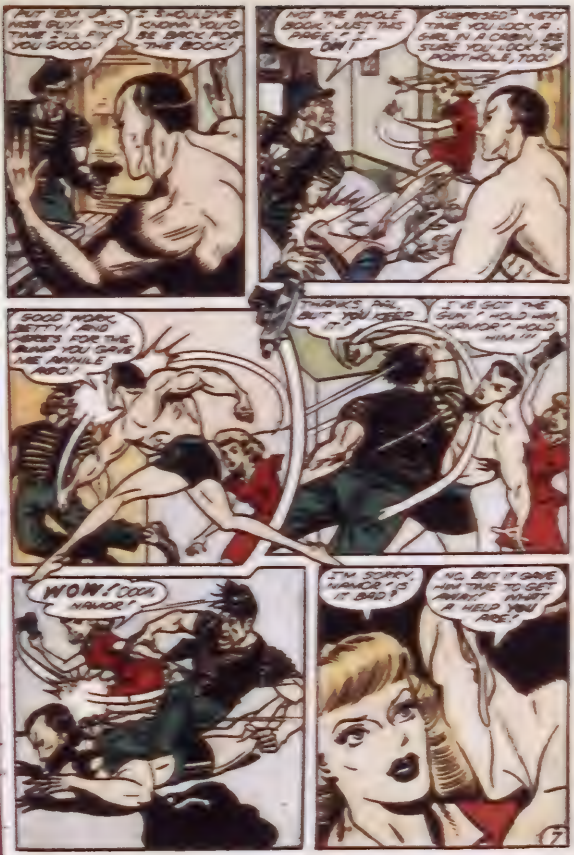
ABOARD THE SPONGEBOAT "SEA WITCH" BETTY PREPARES FOR A DIVE...
MOMENTS LATER...
BUT SUDDENLY...

HUH? NEVER MIND I'LL GO AFTER THEM
GET THE OXYGEN TANKS READY
IN A FEW MINUTES...
MEANWHILE...

LOOK OUT!
SECONDS LATER—
MURDER?

WITHOUT THAT LOG I'D NEVER FIND THE MAN
THE LOG BOOK! IT'S GONE! AND I WAS HOPING IT WOULD PROVIDE A CLUE FOR THIS MESS!
LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY...
AND FRANKLY, I SUSPECT BOTH DEATHS ARE MURDERS!
THE ANSWER MUST BE IN THE LOG. CAPTAIN MOODY ALWAYS MADE CAREFUL ENTRIES. DO YOU SUSPECT ANYONE?
I THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!
IF HE'S NOT ON THE SHIP TRY THE MARINER'S HOTEL. HE STAYS THERE WHEN ASHORE!
THINK I'LL TRY THE HOTEL FIRST! SOMETHING IN HIS ROOM MAY GIVE ME A CLUE!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE "SEA WITCH"...

WELL, WELL! I SEE YOU'RE JUST AS NOSY AS YOUR BOY FRIEND!
GALLERY!!
YOU WERE AT THE PUMPS! YOU STOPPED THE AIR!
RIGHT! YOU MEDDLING FEMALE! BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL IT!
LET ME DOWN!
LET ME OUT!
AND AT THE MARINER'S HOTEL IN GALLERY'S ROOM!
THE LOG BOOK! SO IT WAS GALLERY WHO SLUGGED ME! I'LL TAKE A LOOK THROUGH IT, AND...
WHA...?


PUT 'EM IN... NOW BUT THIS TIME I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D BE BACK FOR THIS BOOK!
NOT THE WHOLE BOOK! JUST THIS PAGE! I—OH!
SURPRISED? NEXT TIME YOU LOCK A GIRL IN A CABIN, BE SURE YOU LOCK THE PORTHOLE, TOO!
GOOD WORK BETTY! AND HERE'S FOR THE BUMP YOU GAVE ME WHILE I WAS OUT!
THERE'S PAL, BUT YOU NEED IT!
I'VE GOT THE GUN! HOLD 'EM, NAVAJO! HOLD HIM!!!
WOW! OOOH, NAVAJO!
I'M SORRY, NAVAJO! IS IT BAD?
NO, BUT IT GAVE HIM TIME TO GET AWAY! WHAT A HELLUVA MESS!

AND THE MARKS SHOW THROUGH ON THE NEXT PAGE!
SMART GIRL!
THE "ALBATROSS"! THE TREASURE SHIP!!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! GOT TO STOP THAT SHIP! S'LONG!
MOMENTS LATER
TAXI!

HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AROUND. MAYBE HE'S... HUH?
I TOOK A ONE- ... YOU DON'T LEAVE ME OUT OF THIS.
GET SET, BETTY! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!
HEY! LET ME AT THAT WATER BOY! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!
STEP RIGHT UP, GALLERY! YOU'RE NEXT!
DOES THIS HELP SETTLE THE SCORE?
OOF! NANCE LOOK OUT!!

BUT THE MORNING COMES TOO LATE!
HOURS LATER...
HEY! WE'RE MOVING! HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALIVE! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D NEVER COME TO!
HEY! THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY GAMES!
THERE! NOW, YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM A COOK BOOK!
I CAN'T BREAK THESE ROPES! I'VE BEEN WITHOUT WATER TOO LONG!
WAIT! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! IF I CAN ONLY KICK HARD ENOUGH!
HMM...?
A LITTLE BAKING SODA PLUS THE BRINE FROM THE PICKLES AND YOU GET YOUR WATER!
AND AS THE MOISTURE REACHES SUB-MARINER, HIS STRENGTH RETURNS!
BETTY! YOU'RE A GENIUS!
SAY, I DON'T THINK NOTHING OF IT! NOW HOW ABOUT HELPING ME OUT OF THESE ROPES?
10

THE SHIP HAS STOPPED AND THEY HAVE A DIVER OVER THE SIDE!
FIRST I'LL TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT WHAT IS GOING ON DOWN THERE!
BETTY WAS RIGHT! THEY'RE COMING BACK WITH THE
SUB-MARINER!
NO!! NO!!
TAKE CARE OF HIM, MEN! GALLERY'S COMING RIGHT UP!
OH OH — HERE WE GO AGAIN!

HAVEN'T I MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?
HEY! SAVE ONE FOR ME!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!!
SORRY, NAMOR, BUT THE FIGHT'S OVER!
HUH?
THE SHIP RETURNS TO SHORE...
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MY STORY IN PRINT! STILL THINK I'M A PEST, NAMOR?
WELL NO! NEXT TIME I WORK ON A MURDER CASE, I MIGHT EVEN ASK YOU TO HELP ME!
12

BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK---

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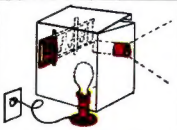

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